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[Translated for this Journal.]

### Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from last week.)

#### BETWEEN THE ACTS.

While waiting for the Second Act, let us consult with the conductor as to how and where this Act should begin. When "Don Giovanni" was put upon the stage for the Italian opera in Vienna, Mozart added to it four new numbers, which were afterwards embodied in the score in the form of a supplement, without any designation of the places they should occupy in the drama. These four numbers are: 1. The Aria of Elvira, preceded by an *obligato* recitative: *Mi tradi quell'*

*alma ingrata* (This ungrateful soul betrayed me); 2. an Air for Masetto: *Ho capito, Signor* (I understand, Sir); 3. The Air of Ottavio: *Dalla sua pace la mia dipende* (On her peace depends my own); and 4. A duet between Leporello and Zerlina: *Per queste tue manine* (By these little hands of thine.)

*Ho capito* is an aria with as gallant a turn and as fine a declamation, as the phrases of Masetto at the beginning of the first finale; but the duet: *Presto, presto*, is better than the aria, and characterizes the person in a much more original way. It was unnecessary to repeat the description of the individual; for zero multiplied by zero always will give zero.

As to number 4, we see by the score that it must conclude the aria of Leporello: *Ah! pietà, Signori miei*. This is a concession forced from the musician, in favor of the local taste of the least fashionable part of his public. Herr ROCHLITZ gives to directors, who may be tempted to use a scene so little worthy of our opera, the following advice: "Zerlina catches Leporello, no matter where; she holds him tight, no matter by what; Leporello disengages himself, no matter how, and escapes." We have never had the misfortune to see this stupid nonsense upon any stage.

Should the most beautiful of all tenor songs: *Il mio tesoro intanto*, exceed the singer's means, the cavatina, which was introduced at the theatre in Vienna, would make an excellent substitute. Flowing, melodious, sweet, impassioned, nobly suited to the personality of Ottavio, it is marked by originality of invention, by choice fragments of instrumental dialogue, and by a modulation from E flat major into E minor, which is of transporting effect. There is certainly no lover of music, who would not wish to retain this exquisite cavatina, but the difficulty is to know where to bring it in, in a drama in which the music (so to speak) flies above the libretto. But should it be insisted on, we would suggest its insertion after the duet in the second scene: *Fuggi, crudele, fuggi*, (Fly, cruel, fly!) or, if you prefer, after the aria: *Or sai chi l'onore*. It will feel itself somewhat cramped and crowded there perhaps; but really one can find no other place for it.

There yet remains the great aria of Elvira. To dispute the retention of the same, or to authorize the suppression of such a piece, were a musical *lese-majesty* of the first rank, of which we certainly would not be guilty. Such a deed

or rather crime, would surely recoil in all its monstrosity upon the guilty party; either upon the manager or upon the singers; unless a higher power excuse them, for example the impossibility of singing it. It is in fact very difficult and lies very high, like all that Mozart wrote to suit Cavaglieri. Our concern is merely to assign it the most fitting place. In his German translation of "Don Juan" Herr Rochlitz places it after the Catalogue Song. Dramatically, this place is well chosen; but not so well, we think, considering the musical fitnesses; since the first aria of Elvira: *Ah! chi mi dice mai* immediately precedes the Catalogue Song, and is in E flat major, precisely as *Mi tradi quell' alma* &c. is. Two such important numbers, separated by only one scene, and sung by the same person in the same key, are neither of advantage to the singer nor the public. For these reasons we would make a different choice, and insert Elvira's aria at the beginning of the Second Act, an arrangement which, we think, includes advantages of every kind. In the first place it makes the two acts of the opera more nearly equal in respect to quantity and quality of pieces; it lends an imposing and *grandiose* beginning to the resumption of the action; it gives the singer time to take breath for the execution of her principal and hardest air; and finally it allows the buffo duet, which in the score forms the first number of the Second Act, to begin immediately after Elvira's exit, since the key of G major can follow that of E flat major without an intermediate chord.

#### SECOND ACT—ELVIRA'S SONG.

They begin. The stage, faintly lighted by the moon, represents a place planted with trees, with a picturesque landscape in the background. The moon is not visible, but you feel its presence only by the play of light upon the foliage. On the right is a house, with a balcony to its front. Elvira, who comes home about eleven o'clock at night, entirely weighed down by all that she has seen at the monstrous festival of Don Juan, has seated herself sadly before her door. She thinks of the fate which the ungrateful man is preparing for himself; she has a foreboding of the fearful punishment which he is inevitably bound to meet; and although she invokes vengeance on his head, she trembles at the thought that her wish may be fulfilled. These thoughts, which have occupied her during the inter-act, air themselves, as soon as the curtain rises, in a lyric effusion. Elvira

lifts herself up too, and declaims with agitated voice the nobly instrumented recitative: *In quali eccessi, O Numi, in quai misfatti, orribili, tremendi, è avvolto il sciagurato* (In what excesses, O ye Gods, in what horrible, tremendous misdeeds, is the accursed man involved!) You see how much the text harmonizes with the place, which we have assigned to the air: *Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata*, which is one of those that bear most clearly the stamp of the composer, and which least resembles any other air with which we are acquainted. The peculiar plan and character of this wonderful piece lie in something, which Mozart has drawn neither from the dramatic situation, for here is no situation in the technical sense of the word, nor from the words, which do not and could not relate to the psychological character of the person. Elvira, in the conflict between love and revenge, in which altogether opposite currents of emotion fluctuate, yields herself to it, not as if immediate and present causes woke them in her breast alternately; her misery dates farther back. Elvira is trying her own inmost soul; she would give account to herself of what she feels; she conjures up memories, that mingle with the impressions of the moment; she finds herself in a state of imperfect rest, in which sensibility is softened by vague meditation or reverie; in a word, Elvira has passed out of the sphere of concrete music into that of pure music; and Mozart, in rapture at this discovery, has treated this number according to the forms of an instrumental piece. The elegantly winding melody, which he has employed, prevails almost without interruption, reproduced and imitated in various ways, in the vocal and the orchestral parts, in major and minor, in all the related keys of the Tonic. It turns round on its axis like a cylinder, whose surface, variously painted, would dazzle the eyes, while by its rotary motion it shows an infinitely complex play of colors. Besides what the instruments and the voice have in common, there is much that is quite peculiar to the latter; passages of the noblest declamation and the most touching melody, a multitude of *routades*, if passages taken from the *fame*, and moving like the theme in eighths, Allegretto, 4-4, can be called *routades*. We should prefer an *Allegro ma non troppo*. The impressions of this aria are pretty difficult to describe, as it generally is the case with all effects of pure music. Yet every one will recognize in it the character of a soft and dreamy melancholy. The joys of youth, golden dreams, first love and its hopes, regret of that lovely age, the only poetry that there is left to man, made old by years and sad experiences; that, if you will, is what this piece will say to you, kind reader, supposing you are forty and your wife is thirty. Undistinguishable as these images are at first, they shine ever plainer, as the theme develops, like the stars as darkness deepens; and the final impression remains the deeper and more lasting, as the effect has been gradually enhanced by a series of combinations, all strictly deduced from the same psychological and metaphysical unity.

#### FALLING OUT, AND NEW ADVENTURES.

In the mean time Don Giovanni, forced to abandon his designs upon Zerlina, has already planned another enterprise. The night is not yet far gone, and losing a night would be as great a misfortune for him, as losing a day would be for

Titus. He perambulates the streets with Leporello, and comes upon the stage the moment that Elvira has left it. You hear behind the scenes the first bars of the duet: *Eh via buffone!* (Go blockhead!) a delicious trifle, composed quite in the style of the Italian *parlando*. Mere syllabic notes. Leporello, who in the finale of the first act had been so poorly rewarded for his services, is unwilling to expose himself any longer to the danger of being put to death in sport; he has decided to leave his master. Giovanni seeks to retain him. This duet is so perfect in its kind, that the singers have only to declaim it correctly, to play it as well as possible. The attitude, the look, the play of the features, the lively Italian gesticulation, and all the sort of drollery that springs from that,—all this seems plainly indicated in the score. Thus Leporello, after running through the syllabic eighths: *No, no, no, no*, &c., with extraordinary glibness of tongue, repeats this *no* in a more significant tone upon an eighth (quaver), which is followed by a pause; after this last *no*, which forms an upward Third with the preceding note, we see how Leporello suddenly raises his head and fixes a look full of wrath and comic determination upon Don Juan. The other may say: *Va che sei matto, che sei matto, matto, matto* (Go, for you're a madman, &c.); but there follows no answer but the same *no*, which is explosively uttered upon the second part of the measure. With a powerful and sonorous bass voice, this *no*, upon a high D, must produce the effect of several pistol shots, fired at regular intervals. But you must not desire this duet from any but Italians. Translate it and it ceases to exist.

A few gold pieces restore peace between master and servant, for it is evident enough that a separation between these two individuals is impossible. Without Giovanni, Leporello were but a dull and useless machine, whose use and value nobody would understand. As soon as our men are reconciled, the plan of the new campaign is discussed. Donna Elvira has a pretty and agreeable chamber-maid. The thing is to introduce oneself into the fortress while you entice the enemy outside of the walls. The enemy, that is Elvira, shows herself above at the window; the plan of the besiegers is as quickly executed, as it is conceived. They exchange garments. The shining cap of Don Juan is put upon Leporello's common head; the embroidered satin mantle covers the shoulders used to the severest chastisements; but as if in defiance of the maxim that the coat does not make the man, Don Juan himself undertakes to animate the puppet, and to speak and gesticulate for it, as upon the Grecian stage, where, it is said, there were two actors for each part. During these preparations the poor lady is striving with her own heart, which still sighs for the ungrateful one: *Ah, taci ingiusto core* (Ah! hush ungrateful heart). Andante, A major, 6-8.

The situation, which lies at the foundation of this Trio, in itself is nothing but a joke. Giovanni addresses to Elvira words of the deepest penitence and passion; he will kill himself, if he does not obtain her forgiveness; he lifts and distorts Leporello's arms, to lend expression and nobility to the pantomime of his singular representative. Elvira, always too happy to be deceived, in whatsoever manner, finally relents towards this *ingiusto core*, and comes down into

the street. Surely here would have been an opportunity to enliven the parterre, if the musician had conceived the character of Elvira as the poet did; but let us not forget, that this person, sacrificed to the ludicrous in the libretto, possesses a noble, great and passionate character, which is maintained in the concerted pieces, and necessarily predominates wherever the conveniences of the song assign her the first part. On the other hand Don Juan here now uses an ironical and comic declamation, as in the passage: *Ah! credi mi, o m'uccido* (Ah, believe me, or I kill myself!) and now sings again like a genuine lover, as this melodious cantilena in C major proves: *Descendi, o gioia bella* (Descend, O joy, &c.) How? In love with Elvira! Not that. With whom then? Turn over a few pages and you will see that this cantilena of *gioia bella* contains note for note the beginning of the song, No. 3, which Giovanni sings to attract the attention of the *soubrette*, who, now that the mistress has gone out, is left alone in the house. Thus the assertion is not correct, that with the commencement of the Terzet Don Juan is already entirely with his new flame. He busies himself with Elvira only long enough to remove her as a hindrance, and he deceives her the more, inasmuch as he has no need to feign the feeling which he expresses; he feels it sincerely, only it is for another. We see that Mozart possessed far more intelligence than his poet, who had not a little. According to this design of the composer, something wholly different was made out of the Terzet: *Ah, taci* &c., from what the text and situation seemed to promise. Instead of a piece surcharged with comedy, this Trio shaped itself into a highly romantic composition, learned in form, full of feeling in substance, but so finely shaded by suppressed mirth, by cautious irony, voluptuous feelings and perfidious tenderness, that we dare not fix its general character. Here and there transparent shadows cross the harmony and mingle with it the colors of expectation and of mystery. Listening to this enchanting music, a Northerner thinks involuntarily of the nights in Seville or Naples, of those warm and balmy nights, which make love warmer, bolder, and favor its desires.

(To be continued.)

#### Grisi and Mario.

[The following summing-up, in the *Courier and Enquirer*, is so complete, and in the main so harmonizes with our own impressions, while it gives them a much more perfect expression than we have succeeded in doing, that our readers will, we doubt not, thank us for copying it entire. We only think it is a little too severe upon poor MARIO. The writer should have heard him sing in Boston.]

"Madame Grisi cannot sing," said one of the most accomplished vocalists and most successful prima donnas who ever received the homage of all Europe, as she was discussing the merits of various vocalists of the past and present day with a fellow devotee of Art. She was right: judged by her standard, Madame GRISI cannot sing, and never could; and yet she is a great artist; while MARIO, who, held to the same accountability, can sing, is not a great artist. The last opportunity for hearing these distinguished people in America has past; and as very few of us will hear either of them again, it may be worth the while to consider briefly their distinctive characteristics as dramatic vocalists.

It does not require a very cultivated taste or a very practised ear to discover that Mme. GRISI's voice is now often sharp and harsh, and almost



always dry and unpleasing, save for a certain sympathetic quality which it rarely loses, even in her most unpropitious moments. On the contrary, it does require some cultivation and practice to be able to discover through this husky exterior the golden beauties which it hides from superficial criticism. But, as to the eye of taste the headless, limbless, abraded torso of a great sculptor's work is more satisfying than a statue fresh from the studio of a common marble chipper, so such a voice as Madame GRISI's is admirable, even in its ruin. For we can see that it must have been a peerless voice,—peerless in richness, in fullness, in its gushing flow,—peerless among female voices as a vehicle of great emotion. She made it so even now, on rare occasions, in a greater degree, perhaps, than has been attained by any of the eminent lyric artists who have sought our shores,—and at this day we have had them all. To those who have not been able to go to the mountain, the mountain has come. But supreme in its intrinsic quality and in its capacities as Madame GRISI's voice was, and thrilling as is the power with which she uses it, she is not a great vocalist: it is not her vocalization which charms her hearers, be they critical or not critical, cultivated or uncultivated. Vocalization is the art of using the voice: and though an art, is strictly a mechanic, or, we may better say, a dynamic art. It may accompany genius and a fine voice; but it may also exist in perfection without them: it may be used to aid in the expression of the tenderest emotion or the fiercest passion; but it is quite as frequently only the means for bewitching the ear by soulless grace or bewildering it by intricate agility.

Let us illustrate this. Of all the vocalists who have visited us, not one was more accomplished than Madame LABORDE, except Madame SONTAG. JENNY LIND and Madame ALBONI were her superiors, as well as the superior of her superior, not on account of any greater skill or completer education, but solely by reason of higher physical and mental gifts. Her voice was harsh and mean, and her notion of art was purely technical and material; their voices were at once grand and sweet, and they, especially the former, were gifted with genius and the perception of the highest ideal beauty in music. Hence altogether, if not entirely, their measureless superiority—measureless, because by multiplying the entire artistic capacity of such an artist as Madame LABORDE a thousand fold, she would not be one whit nearer the excellence of JENNY LIND. Now it is exactly in the respect in which Madame LABORDE was a most finished artist that Madame GRISI is most unfinished. The deterioration of her voice has nothing to do with this judgment; for we judge her not by that which her voice fails to accomplish, but by that which she herself seems not to attempt. Judged by an ordinary and a moderate standard, she has been of course, and is even yet, a very fine singer; but she has made her great effects, and attained her reputation not by vocalization but by musical declamation.

Consider the operas in which she is great, and the passages in those operas in which she wins the admiration of her audience, and this will be apparent. The operas are *Norma*, *Semiramide*, *La Favorita*, *Lucrezia Borgia*. In *Norma* her singing of *Casta Diva* is not above mediocrity, either in the invocation or the allegro. She does not even seem to have a perception of the serene beauty of the one or the tender joy that beams through the other. The first she sings heavily as with a remorseless sense of duty, and the second as with a desire to avail herself of the opportunity which it affords to display her voice; and this is all. But when the music becomes dramatic, when she is pouring out her emotion to somebody, when she is in relations with another person, then she becomes great. Her scene of tender reminiscences (the first duet) with Adalgisa, her ensuing storm of passion with Pollione, (the trio,) and the last great scene of woe, all show how essentially dramatic she is. So in *Semiramide* she is only great in the scenes with Assur; her singing of the airs and concerted pieces being neither particularly bad nor particularly good. So in *La Favorita*, she is positively uninteresting except in the

three scenes with Fernando, and especially in the last ecstatic outburst of joy and love. So in *Lucrezia*, her singing of *Come e bello* and *Era desso il figlio mio* is deficient in almost all the graces of mere vocalization; while in the concerted music of the first act, the trio of the second and the duet of the third she sways the emotions of her auditors, which are but a paler reflection of her fierce passion.

But it is not alone her dramatic utterance which has made her for twenty years the queen of the lyric stage. Madame GRISI's success has been a mixed success. The opera is not a purely musical entertainment: there enter many elements into the full enjoyment of its ministrations, and Madame GRISI has had the good fortune to unite more of those in her own person than any other prima donna of whom we have even a traditional knowledge. Her success has been, that of a superb voice, sufficient vocal skill, a lovely and majestic person, an impassioned utterance, great power, both as a tragedian and a comedian, and an exquisite taste in dress, all ministering to the dictates of that undefinable quality of the mind, that intuition, which makes the great artist. Here indeed is the secret of her power. She is, and must be, irrespective of the means which Time may leave at her command, a great artist. She does nothing in a little way; her style is large, and simple, and direct. We care little that her vocalization is sometimes positively slovenly, that her shake is not a vibration but a wobble, and that her voice has a hard wiry edge, when she embodies with such seemingly unconscious power emotions so grand, so true and so intense. Nay, even in looking at her person, so statuesque is what we see of it, so superbly is her head poised upon her neck, and such large loveliness and noble grace invest her arms in form and movement, that we forgive the trailing drapery which she ever wears, as if to hide a refutation of the fable which gives the peacock's voice and feet together as an antidote to conceit which a wealth of beauty would otherwise beget.

Thus it is that while as a mere vocalist she has not such merit as would make her what GIULIA GRISI has been and is to the European world, and if listened to unseen would not confer any very great pleasure to cultivated hearers, as a dramatic singer, appearing both as singer and actress, she is justly called a great artist, and has probably given to a general cultivated public a more varied if not a more complete delight than any other prima donna who has trod the modern stage.

Signor MARIO is the antipode, or perhaps it would be more gracious to say, the complement of Madame GRISI. He has a lovely voice, and is a most accomplished vocalist. Indeed there is no skill to be acquired in the vocal gymnasium of which he has not made himself master. His voice is the weapon with which he conquers. He is literally *vox et preterea nihil*. His idea of swelling emotion finds expression in a *crescendo*, and for him excited feeling subsides in a *diminuendo*; meantime the man MARIO being as unconcerned as possible about the matter. He is a vocalist, carrying his vocal skill to the most exquisite development; but he is nothing more; and he is no more in place upon the stage than an automaton violoncello would be if encased in the effigy of such a man of wax as he is.

We remarked that Madame GRISI's style is large and simple: Signor MARIO's is little and elaborate. His utterance, his carriage, his expression, all lack dignity, directness, and manly force. If he attempt to express passion, he is evidently at great pains to do it, and with malice aforethought goes through all the movements in such cases made and provided. His vocalization, even, the point in which his great strength and skill lie, becomes deteriorated and vulgarized in its expression, and conforms to a common-place standard. As an actor he is beneath criticism, and is one of the most awkward men, if not the most awkward, we ever saw upon the stage. His bow is the drollest movement imaginable; his various members seeming not to be of one mind with regard to the process; but conveying the impression that he and another man had been quartered and

hocuspocued to life again, but with some grave error as to personal identity. The littleness of his artistic perception is shown in the minute elaboration and triviality of his costume; but in this we also find a type of the exquisite finish which is the marked characteristic of all his performances.

We see these eminent vocalists depart with some sadness; for they brought the fulfilment of our last musical hope. Europe has no more great operatic artists to send us.

## Musical Correspondence.

From BERLIN.

JAN. 19.—Among the constant visitors to the musical department of the magnificent library here, where I am still—and the gods only know how long I shall be—at my daily task, is a young man who attracted my attention from the first, and with whom I delighted to converse, so great and precise is his knowledge of the works of the grand masters, especially BACH. He was a pupil of Prof., now Librarian, DEHN, and as such was as a matter of course fully inducted into the highest and grandest of the older music; for I see new proofs daily of his (Dehn's) extraordinary learning in all that branch of the divine science and art. He is a Bachist in the highest sense of that term, has probably a more extensive knowledge, at least bibliographical, of Bach's works, than any other man, and has been long known as an accomplished editor of them. His taste must necessarily exert a greater or less influence upon such pupils as take with him a thorough course of theoretical and practical music. ROBERT ZIMMER seems to have inherited the Professor's love and reverence for Bach, and to have studied the manuscripts and old editions in the library here most thoroughly.

Thus much as an introduction to some notice of a pamphlet, which has lately fallen into my hands, and which is of importance to such of my American friends as are paying out their five dollars a year for the new edition of Bach. The title of the pamphlet, which appeared last May, I think, is, "being interpreted," this: "Thoughts upon the appearance of the third volume of the BACH-SOCIETY in Leipzig, by ROBERT ZIMMER." It is but some fourteen pages, octavo, and is almost worth a complete translation; but as some of the points depend for their weight upon the treasures in these European collections, and as I do not feel much like undertaking the labor, I will content myself with the more important passages.

Zimmer begins in a way I rather like, *Ecce*:

"Thou comest late, but thou comest! Christian patience and a perfect physical constitution may perhaps enable some to live and see the last of thy followers, and possibly the bodily eye may behold it.

"Thoughts, what thoughts!" perhaps many of my readers will cry. They are not mere phantoms of the brain. But let us go to the work in order.

"J. S. Bach's works naturally fall into two principal divisions:

"I. Vocal compositions with or without instrumental accompaniment.

"II. Instrumental compositions.

"The vocal works consist of Cantatas, Masses, single Mass Movements, Oratorios, Motets, Choruses, Chorals, Magnificats, &c. Berlin alone—happily through a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances now one of the richest of cities in autographs of J. S. Bach—possesses in the Royal Library, the Library of the Sing Akademie and that of the Jonchimssthal Gymnasium, about two hundred Cantatas. Among the treasures of other public and private libraries may be hidden probably half a hundred others, which proves that there are at the very least some two hundred and thirteen in existence. We will reduce the number, to make allowance for our hasty enumeration, to two hundred.

"Now upon comparing the already numerous pub-

lished Cantatas with the Autographs, we find them to average about eight printed sheets each, [32 pages, music paper.] The two hundred Cantatas will fill then at least 1600 sheets.

"The Oratorios, Motets, Choruses, &c., which are known to me, estimated in the same way, must have an extent of 420 sheets.

"The extent of the Instrumental music is more easily estimated, as nearly the whole of it has already appeared in print. If I estimate the number of sheets which this would fill at 900, I have more likely set it too low as too high.

"For the complete works of Bach, then, we have the aggregate of 2920 sheets. Now since the Bach Society, with about 450 subscribers, each of whom pays annually five thalers, is able to publish only about 80 sheets a year, it follows that each subscriber will be in possession of his complete edition of Bach's works at the end of—thirty-six years, and upon payment of 180 thalers.

"Six and thirty years,—a complete generation! Still Christian patience and a sound constitution may possibly exist to the last volume, possibly behold with the bodily eye how the heirs of the subscribers twine the laurel for the last survivor of the directors of the society, or even live to see the complete edition, offered almost at any price in all the newspapers,—unless the gnawing tooth of Time has already destroyed the first volumes, and better editions have taken their place.

"What! better editions! I hear the reader cry: 'Seest thou not this noble outside show, this splendid print and paper, the extreme correctness of this edition?'

"Yes, better editions. Listen a moment.

"What is offered in this edition by the Bach Society? A fine copy of Bach's portrait on steel, a correct text, (?) and bibliographical notices. And would this be doing all that the Bach Society owe to the manes of the immortal Master and those of his contemporaries—too few alas! who trusted in him? Would such an edition be worthy to rank with other similar monuments of German learning?

"Above all things the public had a right to demand a complete biography of this master, a full aesthetic estimate of him as an artist and of his age; further a special memoir upon his mannerisms and embellishments—most of which have become strange and antiquated—and finally the most minute and full bibliographical notices possible.

"The Bach Society seems to have had some idea of these demands. For the biography, they gave us the—portrait. But phrenological and physiognomical science is now-a-days so widely spread, perhaps no words are needed to enable one to understand the godlike struggle, battle, victory of that great mind!

"As to that 'aesthetic estimate,' that will occur of itself to every one who looks a few times at the text, and reads or plays it through. What need then of the opinions and explanations of FORKEL, HILGENFELD, and so on? That the text is correct, that the smallest variations are noted with Chinese conscientiousness is proved at the end by—the table of errata and the appendix to the 2nd volume."

The writer next proceeds to the subject of Bach's marks of expression, his ornaments and this branch of his subject in general. The fac simile, which C. F. BECKER, the editor, has given from a manuscript of Bach, senior, and his son, Friedemann, Zimmer considers very little to the purpose, because in the music, which is published in this volume, many marks of expression and the like occur, which are not found in this fac simile, and because no light is thrown upon the meaning of various signs which occur in Bach's own edition of various of his works published by Weigl at Nuremberg.

"For instance in the places [in the Clavier Uebung, part II, Weigl, Nuremberg,] where Becker has given shakes, in every case stands this mark, —. In some cases Becker has found it proper to put, instead of this straight mark, a 'trill below' (as Ph. Em. Bach named it.) Who gave him the right to do this? Or did he have another edition of Weigl before him? But there are also other marks and signs the meaning of which to me—and certainly to many others—is unknown. For instance on page 20, bar 19, a singular irregular curved line ap-

pears above the bass figure, which is also in the same bar of the upper part. Here, Herr Becker, you had an opportunity, like another archangel, with the shining lance of your science, to destroy the dragon of our doubts.—Or why did not the strange mark at the 14th bar of the same movement excite your ambition? How did you arrive at the determination to put a simple *tr.* in its stead? Why in your edition have you passed by the *e* in the 20th bar with such sovereign contempt? Or did you hold all these marks to be simply caligraphic ornaments? You had here an opportunity—you, the possessor of a great musical library,—how often, with what delight have you told us that—like a riddle-guessing Oedipus, to hurl the sphinx of Bach's Semio-graphy into the abyss, and to pluck fresh sprays for your wreath.

"How beautifully must the laurel crown you! In front the twigs blending toward each other, casting their brilliancy into the sparkling glasses, the swelling buds hiding themselves modestly in the flowing hair! Do you not hear heavenly choirs singing five part motets by H. Schütze, in the scoring of which, supposing that Basso Continuo to be the 5th voice, one of the two sopranos was omitted? Does your heart beat with joy or shame? \*

"However the Bach Society have dealt more honorably in the matter of the bibliographical notices. If these are still far too imperfect, to allow of being considered rightly as a full account of the works in question, they make us at least very intimately acquainted with the material which the Bach Society had at hand. One thing however in this regard is inexplicable to me: that the Bach Society has not made itself acquainted with all the manuscripts, which are perfectly accessible in the various public libraries? Are we to understand that the entire direction is in the hands of Herr Becker, and that Herr Becker confines himself within the precincts of his own library?"

[To be continued.]

#### From WORCESTER, Mass.

FEB. 17.—Will you permit me to commend to your notice the following programme of music, performed at one of our private musical soirées in Worcester. In the dearth of public concerts, this season, by the Germania Society, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and others upon whom we have heretofore depended, it is certainly encouraging to find able "native" performers and the most classical music to grace our private social entertainments.

#### B. D. Allen's Musical Soirée.

- |                                                  |              |
|--------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| PART I.                                          |              |
| 1. Grand Sonata for the Piano, (four hands)..... | Hummel.      |
| Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.                      |              |
| 2. "Thou art the best."—Song.....                | Schubert.    |
| Miss Wright.                                     |              |
| 3. Sonata Pathétique.....                        | Beethoven.   |
| B. D. Allen.                                     |              |
| PART II.                                         |              |
| 4. "With verdure clad."—Song.....                | Haydn.       |
| Miss Fiske.                                      |              |
| 5. (a) Nocturne, D flat.....                     | Chopin.      |
| (b) Song without Words. Book 5, No. 6.....       |              |
| Mendelssohn.                                     |              |
| Miss Bacon.                                      |              |
| 6. Greeting. Two-part song.....                  | Mendelssohn. |
| Misses Wright and Fiske.                         |              |
| 7. Sonata, op. 8, No. 1, (four hands).....       | Mozart.      |
| A. S. & B. D. Allen.                             |              |

We may be permitted to add, that the performances on the occasion referred to, exhibited rare musical talent and cultivation, worthy in all respects to interpret so choice a programme.

### Music Abroad.

#### London.

Costa has retired from the conductorship of the (old) Philharmonic concerts, and all the noted conductors of Europe have been in turn suggested for his successor: but Herr RICHARD WAGNER is the man, and has been actually sent for to his place of exile, Zurich. M. BRULLOX was already engaged to conduct the approaching concerts of the New Philharmonic. What will the London critics do, with their abhorrence of "new lights," especially of Wagner. Perhaps when they have "seen the elephant" they will sing in a somewhat different key. Meanwhile the *Musical World* heralds the monster after its own peculiar manner:

"The music of the past having lost its charms, that of 'the future' will now have all the more. The *Ode to Joy* may be replaced by *Lohengrin*, *Der Freischütz* by the *Flying Dutchman*, and the *Mount of Olives* by the *Mount of Venus*, (*Tannhäuser*.)

"The interchange of countries is good," said Lord Bacon. But what a lookout for the subscribers! It is well known that Richard Wagner has little respect for any music but his own; that he holds Beethoven to have been a child until he wrote the Posthumous quartets and the Mass in D, which he (Wagner) regards as his own starting points (!); that he entertains much the same opinion of Felix Mendelssohn as Felix Mendelssohn was wont to entertain of Richard Wagner; and that, finally, he is earnestly bent on upsetting all the accepted forms and canons of Art—forms and canons which Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn respected—in order the more surely to establish his doctrines that rhythm is superfluous, counterpoint a useless bore, and every musician, ancient or modern, himself excepted, either an impostor or a blockhead. Now such rhodomontade may pass muster in the dreary streets of Weimar, where Franz Liszt reigns, like a musical King Death, and quaffs destruction to harmony and melody; or in the æsthetic purities of Leipzig, where, muddled with beer and metaphysics, the wits of the Teutonic dilettanti go astray, and become dupes of the grossest charlatanism; but in England, where Liszt was never much thought of, and where the beer and the philosophy are manufactured from more substantial and less deleterious stuff, it can hardly be. If the brilliant meteor, Berlioz, failed to entice the musical mind of this country from its devotion to the bright and pure spheres of Art into his own erratic and uncertain course, what chance can there be for the duller Richard, with his interminable pamphlets?

The task of stepping into the shoes of the Autocrat of all the Orchestras is hardly less perilous, in a harmonious point of view, than that of mounting the throne of a deceased Czar, in a political sense. Herr Wagner, however, is not an ordinary, but an extra-ordinary phenomenon; and we understand he entertains very decided opinions of his own. Thus, it is possible, things may go on resolutely, if not smoothly. Herr Liszt will, of course, travel from Weimar to London, and play some of his latest "arabesques;" for where Wagner is, Liszt is sure to come, in shadow, if not in substance.

With Hector Berlioz at the "New" Philharmonic, and Richard Wagner at the "Old," we may expect some thunder this season. M. JULIEN should prolong his concerts at Covent-Garden, and drown it.

A new Oratorio, entitled "The Nativity," by a lady, has been performed at one of Mr. Hullah's concerts in St. Martin's Hall. The lady-composer, Mrs. Moansey Bartholomew, had already under the name of Miss Moansey published a number of songs, &c., which "entitled her to high consideration, independently of her sex." For some years she has been unobtrusively engaged in teaching. The *Athenæum* taxes her with "thoughtlessness" in attempting to set again such texts as "There were shepherds," after Handel, but gives her credit for "a fair amount of science," and for "idea,—a vein of natural and proper melody."

Her wants are inevitable to inexperience,—being want of proportion—want of orchestral variety. Like other writers who have tried their wings seldom, she has been too anxious to make of her oratorio a *multum in parvo* by breaking it up into a number of short movements. It is a mistake, too, to require eight principal solo singers for a work in so narrow a compass.

The "Nativity" was followed by Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

The Harmonic Union commenced its concerts in Haver Square Rooms, Jan. 31st, with Haydn's "Creation." Herr Molique succeeds Benedict as conductor. The principal singers were Miss Stabbach (just returned from Germany), Mr. Lockey and Mr. Weiss; the audience not large. The present Union embraces only that portion of the old one which did not unite with the New Philharmonic, under Dr. Wylde. It announces eight concerts, and its programme of works to be rehearsed for the season includes about all the great oratorios, cantatas, symphonies, concertos, &c., that are now in vogue. Rather a large promise!

MANCHESTER, (England).—The Classical Chamber Music Society gave its Sixth Concert at the Town Hall, on Thursday, the 25th. The following was the programme:—Part First. Chamber Trio—pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; (In A. Op. 26) W. S. Bennett. Two Melodies—violin; (Romance Vivace) Molique. Grand Sonata—pianoforte and violoncello; (In D, Op. 58) Mendelssohn. Part Second. Trio—pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; (In G, Op. 1, No. 2) Beethoven. Stücke im Volkstone—piano and violoncello; (In A minor, 2 in F, 3 in A minor; 4 in D) R. Schumann.—Grand Sonata—pianoforte and violin; (In A minor, Op. 47) Dedicated to Kreutzer. Beethoven. This was the third appearance of Herr Ernst this season at the above



concert—Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti being as formerly, at their posts at the pianoforte and violoncello.

A private concert was given on Wednesday last, at the Concert Hall, when Mendelssohn's *Meerestille*, Weber's *Euryanthe*, and Beethoven's Symphony in D were done, with some glees, by a party of local singers, assisted by Miss Whitham, of Leeds.

#### Paris.

The famous concerts at the Conservatoire, by the *Société des Concerts*, commenced in the afternoon of Jan. 14th, with this programme:

Septième Symphonie, en fa,..... Beethoven.  
Madrigal, (Mmes. Miolan-Carvalho et Boulart),..... Clari.  
Solo, Clarinette, (M. Leroy),..... Beer.  
Air, *Montagne*, (Mme. Miolan-Carvalho),..... Berton.  
Quatrième Symphonie, en ut,..... Mozart.  
"Alceste," chœur,..... Haendel.

The programme of the second concert was as follows:

1. Symphonie (No. 9) avec chœur,..... Beethoven.  
2. Adagio de la 14 Symphonie,..... Haydn.  
3. Mote, double chœur,..... J. S. Bach.  
4. Romance des *Noces de Figaro*,..... Mozart.  
5. Overture de *Gilletteau Tili*,..... Rossini.

Think of the "Choral Symphony" played by the orchestra of the Conservatoire!

Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Frenchified, has been reproduced at the Théâtre Lyrique. Referring to the days when romantic opera was unknown in France, the Paris correspondent of the *London Musical World* says:

In those days then, and deeply imbued with the idea that there existed but one school for the drama, and that school the French, lived one Castil-Blaze. (He still lives—but, happily, is harmless.) Castil-Blaze had travelled on the Continent, and, as he himself informs us, had purchased at Florence and Frankfort eighty or ninety pounds' weight of the various modern compositions then most in vogue. Among the mass of operas so bought by M. Castil-Blaze, was *Der Freischütz*; and, finding himself possessed of a masterpiece in savage shape, he immediately determined to fit it with breeches, bag-wig, and sword, and make it worthy of the then French lyrical stage and of himself. Accordingly he at once transferred the scene to England, with the barbarous language of which country he fancied he had some acquaintance. The extent of his research may be imagined, by his transferring the scene to a forest, *chez vous*, and then translating Robin Hood (who was to replace the Zamiel of the original) into Robin of the Woods—*Robin des Bois*. The characters of Outcast, Korino, Agatha, Annette, Gaspar, Max, Kilian, Zamiel, in *Der Freischütz*, become Tony Heynold, Anna, Nanci, Richard, Dick, Bill, and Robin des Bois, in the refined version M. Castil-Blaze. He takes a song from one of Weber's operas, and substitutes it for the original; he adds, alters, amends (save the mark!) curtains, lengthens, and disguises in every possible variety and shape. Weber was furious, and wrote to M. Castil-Blaze, remonstrating on the base injustice done to his opera, and demanding to know why he was so treated. M. Castil-Blaze quietly replied, that the Germans having borrowed so much from his countrymen, it was time they should commence payment on account. *Der Freischütz*, though possessing some germs of merit, was yet so unfinished, rugged and incomplete, that, when produced in Paris, a French audience had refused to listen to it. Pitying its condition, and discerning the real merit it possessed, he (Castil-Blaze) therefore took it in hand, redressed it, washed, cleansed and purified it, rouged and anointed it, and then presented it before a Parisian public, who flocked to the *Odéon* for some hundreds of nights, and acknowledged the merit of the adaptor to be superior to that of the author's. *Robin des Bois*, therefore, has ever since kept the French stage, and those who would hear the music of *Der Freischütz* must do so through the medium of Castil-Blaze.

*Robin des Bois* was revived at the Théâtre-Lyrique on Wednesday last; MM. Lagrave, Grignon, Colson, and Junca filling the principal male parts; those of Annette and Agatha being sung by Madame Deligne-Lauters and Madame Girard. I was curious to hear Madame Lauters in a classico-romantic opera. Possessed of a voice, which for compass, freshness, and roundness, has seldom been equalled on the French stage, she had hitherto sung in no other opera than the *Billet de Marguerite*, of M. Gevaert. She had now to deal with music of a very different description.

Madame Lauters has the future in her hands.—Eighteen years old, with a voice seldom equalled, with a pleasing face, and considerable intelligence, she is certain by steady perseverance to become an *artiste*.

Madlle. Girard sang her music well, and displayed considerable intelligence in her acting; she was much and deservedly applauded. M. Junca, in the red cloak of Zamiel, made a magnificent "show" in *Robin des Bois*—a double cross between Robin Hood, Robin Goodfellow, and Zamiel—in fact a nondescript. The choruses were excellent, and do credit to the steady perseverance of the director, who has trained them in a year.

Signor Pacini has arrived in Paris expressly to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *Gli Arabi nelle Galie* (The Arabs in the Gauls), which will be brought out forthwith, supported by the whole strength of the company. Mad. Ugalde still maintains possession of the chief part in *Le Pré aux Clercs*, and the public consoles

itself remarkably well for the continued indisposition of Mad. Miolan, and M. Grisar's *Le Chien du Jardinier* continues its triumphant course. There has been no such hit for years as that made by this genial and sprightly little operetta.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 3, 1855.

### On bringing out new Works.

Our friend, who writes the musical criticisms in the *Evening Telegraph*, says at the end of an appreciative notice of the last Musical Fund concert and of Mr. Perkins's Cantata:

We cannot agree with Dwight's *Journal of Music* in deploring that the Musical Fund Society should be, to any extent, taken up in bringing out new compositions. We, on the other hand, desire earnestly, that this feature might make a conspicuous part of their programmes, and doubt not that the opportunity of being heard and well rendered, would call out the best powers of many composers, whose lights are now hidden from the want of this opportunity. We have seen for example, the score of a descriptive Concert Overture, by Mr. Southard, of this city, which we should much like to hear performed, and we doubt not that many others have works that they would be glad to bring before the public. Among the mass there may be hidden some of the true metal—the precious ore. We should like to see it tried in the fire of public opinion.

Our friend mistakes us in supposing we deplore that the Society should be to any extent taken up with bringing out new compositions. We simply intimated that it was time to raise the inquiry how far the regular evenings of our orchestral societies should be used for the first trials of new works. We have now but one evening series of classical orchestral concerts. Four concerts only have been given, and the season is far spent. Two of the four have been devoted mainly to the first trials of an original composition by the President of the Society, a Cantata, in the largest form, for chorus, organ, orchestra and solos, an hour and more in length. Whatever were the possible merits of the composition, whatever the character and public services of the composer (and we all know him to be a gentleman most earnestly and generously devoted to the cause of Art, who has earned and is ever earning the respect and gratitude of this whole musical public—which sentiments our readers cannot doubt we fully share, to say nothing of the debt of personal friendship),—whatever the work or whatever the author, or however ardent our desire to taste and to approve his works and those of others of our young friends who have so bravely entered this field and are giving or at least trying to give our wrongly called "prosaic" country a character for musical productive talent,—still it could not but raise this question at the outset:

How can we best provide for these first trials of new compositions? How best secure to real creative talent chances to know itself and to be known from the want thereof? And how far is it politic or safe to curtail our few opportunities for becoming familiar with great musical works at all, in order to sit in judgment on the experimental efforts of new native talent?

These questions cannot be avoided, if we would. They come upon us with peculiar force at this time, seeing that our musical season here in Boston has so far fallen altogether short of the standard of past years. We have been used to long

series of evening and of afternoon orchestral concerts, with crowded halls, and programmes in the aggregate embracing in each season most of the greatest symphonies and overtures by the great master. This time the afternoon concerts of the Orchestral Union have been good; they have given us all but the 7th and 9th of Beethoven's nine symphonies, with two or three of Mozart's and Haydn's, their programmes for the rest being quite light. Yet these come to an end next week for want of support. All that is left us is the series of eight classical evening concerts by the Musical Fund Orchestra. Their two first concerts were in the main most excellent, but owing to whatever cause the public patronage failed, and Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn wasted their sweetness on thin houses. Something had gone wrong in the first initiation and management, or else mighty and mysterious are the alternating ways of "fashion"—convenient name for causes past our finding out! This critical time, when the newly organized Society was struggling for its very existence, was we fear the wrong time for the trial of any doubtful experiments; the wrong time to summon the public as a jury for the examination of new claims to the character of musical composer, and to risk success upon the possible, but wholly unascertained interest of so long and formidable a work. We cannot help thinking it would have been wiser, to wait until the Musical Fund had achieved some success (of course we mean remunerative success), before making a new feature so prominent in one of its programmes.

It was to be considered too that these were subscription concerts, and that music-lovers subscribe to the series with the expectation of getting (only better) substantially the same sort of thing that has gone by the same name in seasons past; that is to say, performances of the world-renowned Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos, &c., with such tasteful and agreeable varieties as may at once relieve and harmonize with these. It might be said, to be sure, in this case, and we allow the fact some weight, that the subscribers had proved few, and that it was more than warrantable to try the experiment of some new kind of attraction, to appeal to curiosity about new things, to patriotic interest in native efforts, seeing that the classical appeal had met with small response. On this ground we are perfectly content to excuse and acquiesce in the introduction of the Cantata. But the question that is forced upon us, does not contemplate anybody's Cantata, or other composition in particular, and is not a question merely of the present moment. It contemplates the whole future policy of our serial concerts of the nobler kind; it concerns the saving and perfecting of our best and indispensable provisions for the inspiring of a sound classical taste for music in this community, as well as for the starting of young germs of original productive talent, if (as is no doubt the case) there be such among us. This is a serious question, and as such demands an answer. And we prefer to answer it apart from any personal reference, or any criticism on the concert of one week or another.

Three things we want, to make us a musical people:

1. Direct means of education; Schools, Conservatories, &c.

2. Frequent and unfailing opportunities of

hearing the great masterpieces of the art performed.

3. Encouragement and stimulus to the original production of musical works, which of course involves the giving such a hearing and a reasonable chance to come before the public.

Our concern is now with the two last. How to reconcile these two desiderata is the real problem; and if either must in some degree be sacrificed to the securing of the other, and be left to scramble for itself, which can we best afford that it should be?

We would have both, if possible, both so far as possible; but we do candidly believe the first to be the most important and to most need bolstering and cherishing. More than all schoolings, which are of necessity mechanical, while necessary; more than all feeble efforts of our own to fly, with hope of at last reaching the pure empyrean of Art, does the repeated hearing of the great master-works of music quicken the germs of true musical feeling in our breasts, weave the holy spell of music round our lives, and warm whatever creative genius there may be in us to the seeking of its own development in a like worthy spirit. We believe that we owe more of the deep and genuine love and taste for music which we as a people may possess to our frequent hearings of Beethoven's symphonies and Handel's oratorios, than to all other causes put together. With all the many opportunities these last years have afforded us of listening to great artists and great works, we have not reached the point, even in our most musical communities, where we can at all dispense with regular and frequent concerts of the kind called classical. If Boston for instance numbers a pretty large public, who are really smitten with the true love, yet we have not got beyond the danger of relapses,—witness this very winter. Our regular series of orchestral performances are our main stay. We must hold on to them, whatever else we lose. Musically there is still hope for us so long as we hold on to them. Those who are fairly initiated into this love of the true things, cannot be supposed to be interested in nothing besides music; their attendance cannot be invariable; and the audience for such things must be from year to year made good by new recruits. Moreover the rising generation ever waits to be indoctrinated in its turn; and the taste for the true things gets more or less diluted with each incoming wave of young America; the tree begins to die out at the top, if it be not continually watered. One short Italian opera season, with its manifold excitements, is enough to paralyze the love of lofty symphony and song for a whole year, unless the fountains of these be also kept continually flowing.

We take it for granted that our Musical Fund Society, like the Philharmonic in New York, and in London, the *Société des Concerts* in Paris, the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig, was organized with principal reference to the familiarizing of the public with the really great orchestral music. Such societies are naturally looked to as the fountains, we will not say of musical orthodoxy, but of a deep musical feeling and a true taste, in every capital. Let the opportunities they offer us, (too few at best,) be kept as far as possible sacred to the interpretation of really fine works, such as it is a privation and a shame for any music-loving people not to know, as much as it would be for a reading community not to know

Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and the like. In music the orchestras and singing societies must do our reading for us. True, it is well also to some extent to read new books, and taste new music, even if it be of doubtful or ephemeral value. It is well to guard against exclusive tastes, and to consult curiosity or present pleasure as well as severe culture, to some degree. But since life is short, and fine opportunities are few compared with those that meet the level of the idlest purpose, a wise economy suggests a jealous eye to the high character of our regular concert programmes. How can we afford that one of them be otherwise than excellent and solid in the main, however we make allowance for variety, for the throwing out of shining baits to unrefined appetites, for conciliating the support of more than the appreciating, with the hope that they may become appreciating, &c., &c.

This brings us to the other desideratum. How shall our young composers get a hearing? We cannot answer the question so fully as we would do now, but we will offer a few hints.

1. We think that, as a general rule, new compositions, especially those of magnitude, should only be accepted into our public *Philharmonic* programmes (we use that convenient term to designate such concert societies as we have been describing,) after their merit has been somewhat satisfactorily established, or after the previous successes of the composer have created a pretty strong presumption in their favor. Such concerts are not for such experimental ends; they are not for the examination of new candidates for fame, and making the public, the for the most part ignorant and incompetent public, sit as jury in an Art competition. Such concerts are for the musical enlightenment, refinement, elevation and initiation of this very public; for tuning its crude tastes and likings up to concert pitch, and arming it (at the same time that it gives a present and immortal pleasure) with an ideal, a high standard, whereby it may evermore discern the true from the false in Art. We go to learn and be inspired by what the Masters have done, and not to pass judgment upon what the pupils would do. So surely as we undertake to do this, we shall find claims multiplying upon us at a fearful rate; the hearing of one necessitates the hearing of another; and in the meantime we, who are but learners, our thoughts withdrawn from the inspiring models, are losing all we knew and sinking in our tastes, attempting without any vivid memory of high ideals to measure out rewards and condemnations after a most arbitrary, superficial, narrow and "Know Nothing" standard.

2. In excluding such efforts from such concerts, we do it not upon the ground merely that they are native or that they are new; but on the same ground on which we would exclude a thousand things, however clever and however famous, which we should think not of a fit order to consort with the essential features of the *Philharmonic* class of programmes. Our young composers, we will believe, are generally modest; few of them have the vanity to claim that they can compose overtures or even smaller things as good as those of Auber, Flotow, and other brilliant, popular, but not great composers. Yet often the introduction of their works mars a classical concert and lowers its whole tone. We want nothing doubtful, hacknied, specious, mediocre upon such occasions, or at the most but a small modicum of

such. Now is it not a fair presumption in the case of any young American's new work,—a presumption greater in proportion to the magnitude of the form which he attempts,—that it will prove not very interesting or inspiring, not more than clever, creditable at the best, and not a thing that can be fitly sandwiched (to make use of a memorable expression) between symphonies of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart? Not because we prize our young composers and their opportunities less, but because we prize our own opportunities of hearing what is best in music more,—would we have them seek the first hearings of their works in separate seasons and occasions from these serial classical concerts.

3. We do not on any ground object to all and any introduction of original compositions. We only ask that there shall not be too much of it. In moderate proportions it is well. In our Mendelssohn Quintette Club concerts, for instance, we get during the season a great many of the standard Quintets, Quartets, Trios and Sonatas. An occasional work in one of these forms by Mr. Perkins, or Mr. Ryan, or Mr. Parker, has only added to the interest of an evening, and has perhaps given real pleasure. But in these cases the new work has occupied comparatively a small place in the programme, and has scarcely curtailed our very liberal allowance of the great masters.

4. We echo our friend's desire to hear the overture and other works of Mr. Southard brought out. Furthermore we wish abundant chance and audience extended to all new works conceived in any earnest purpose, with any promising antecedents, and not urged forward with offensive vanity. They should have a hearing; but not, unless exceptionally, in the regular classical concerts, until it shall have become settled in the conviction of competent judges that the work is really a success. For be it observed, a classical form is not enough to make a composition classical.

5. We own it is quite true that the great mass of an audience go to a concert to find pleasure, and that they hear many a world-renowned work, the noblest symphony of Beethoven it may be, once, twice, thrice, without decidedly enjoying it. Is not this a reason for trying new doubtful works, as well as old approved works which it is equally doubtful whether many can appreciate and enjoy? No. Because if a piece of music comes to us endorsed by the admiration of all musicians and true judges—if we are sure we have the real thing, a work by a great master—we know well enough that the fault lies in ourselves if we do not at once enjoy and feel its beauty, and that it is worth our while to listen attentively, repeatedly, until its power and beauty live for us, and take possession of us. This the subscriber to a course of Philharmonic concerts must expect, and count no hour as lost in which he truly tries to realize the inspiration of a great composer, through the medium of an efficient orchestra. But a new work, unless we enjoy and feel it, is as nought to us; we may persevere in trying to find satisfaction in it, but it is with a thousand chances against us.

6. Finally, should one of these new compositions, which we hear for the first time on trial, really succeed, should it convince us of decided genius, then would all our objections in that case fall at once to the ground, and we should of course be but too happy to congratulate the author. How



often can we hope for such successes? By no means are we to consider them impossible.

Yet not finally, for we have more to say. We have not yet guarded ourselves as strongly as we would do against the appearance of a lack of interest and sympathy in new and native efforts at composition. We wish to show that the above remarks do not exclude them from fair chances of a hearing, and to point out a plenty of legitimate ways by which young composers may make their meritorious products known. This will require another article.

### Concerts.

**MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.**—The fourth concert was mainly a repetition of that of the Saturday before. Only the interest of the First Part was much enhanced by the introduction of Mendelssohn's finest overture, *Die Hebriden*, or "Fingal's Cave," which was played with spirit and expression. Also, by way of lighter variety, by two pieces by those remarkable violinists of Julien celebrity, the brothers MOLLENHAUER. Their duet certainly was a most marvellous specimen of perfect mechanical precision, perfect blending and mutual conformity in every slightest shade of expression, as well as of rare beauty of tone and purity of intonation. It was music which might soon cloy upon the sense, leaving deeper wants unsatisfied; but it was an agreeable recreation between solid pieces, and it held its place fitly in such a concert by the pure perfection of its execution.

Of the former programme (first part) there were retained the overture to *Oberon*, which we did not hear; and from the Symphony of Haydn (in D), the beautiful Andante, in which Mr. Suck's orchestra appeared to great advantage. The clearness, and easy, natural flow of the composition could not fail to please.

After the intermission, the President of the Society, Mr. C. C. PERKINS, took the baton to conduct the repetition of his new Cantata, "The Pilgrims." It came out more clear in this performance; we were not disturbed with discords between instruments and voices as before; but all went as easily and smoothly as we should suppose the difficult character of much of the vocal melody and the perhaps over-elaborate instrumentation would admit. There were marks of careful study and of skilful combination in the work; nor could we detect any slavish copying of models, or indeed anything that seemed like imitation, unless it were a certain trace of the Mendelssohn influence in the general structure and in the Allegro motive of the overture:—which overture, by the way, we did not find improved upon acquaintance.

And we must reluctantly say the same of the Cantata as a whole, (it being understood of course that we speak simply in duty to our own impression.) The chorale: "Forget not him," we still found rich and solemn, and well worked up.—Some of the solos and duets, too, were not without beauty, although ungrateful, as we fancied, to the voice. The singers did themselves great credit, and Miss BOTHAMLY's lovely soprano told to a charm. But as a whole the composition seemed without any very positive and characteristic style; the movements did not seem to grow naturally out of one another; it could scarcely have been conceived at once, in one happy, inspired moment, as a whole, after the method of genius and o

Mozart; many of the themes appeared weak and common, and much of the instrumentation, as we have before hinted, over-ingenious. This is measuring it, to be sure, by the severe standard of the larger compositions which form the staple of these classical orchestral concerts. Comparatively we could not become very deeply interested in the Cantata; not so much so as in several of the author's chamber compositions in classical form which we have heard before. And yet we have been less interested in more than one work of the same magnitude which has acquired celebrity: have we forgotten Felicien David's great Ode-Symphony, "The Desert?" "The Pilgrims" becomes an oasis in the memory, remembering that.

**HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.**—"Moses in Egypt" was again performed, by the same artists, and to an immense audience, on Sunday evening.—We were not able to attend. This was the last of the regular series of Oratorios. As yet we have heard nothing of the promised selections from Handel's mighty "Israel in Egypt," nor has the winter given us any entire oratorio of Handel, except the "Messiah," at Christmas. We trust there are more concerts, and solid, real oratorios in store.

By the way, a correspondent asks us if there can be any propriety in calling Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto* an oratorio? We supposed the impropriety admitted of no question. It is a simple matter of historical fact. Rossini wrote it as an opera, for the theatre; in which way it is always performed in Europe, and has been performed by the Italian troupes in Boston. There is some color, to be sure, for this confounding of oratorios and operas upon sacred subjects, in the fact that Oratorio originated in the old dramatic "Mysteries" of the Catholic Church. But since Handel's "Messiah," the oratorio, not only in its poetic frame-work, but in the loftier and more learned structure of its music, has assumed a character entirely distinct from opera, although the majority of oratorios have still something of the dramatic element in them, as all great Epic poems have. The Epic may include the Dramatic, but the Dramatic cannot include the Epic. By no means can you find in such an opera as "Moses in Egypt" anything pertaining to the Oratorio as such, beyond the mere fact that it deals with scriptural incidents and character. In the whole style and spirit of the music, it is as purely of the secular and sensuous order as the same composer's *Semiramide*.

**MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.**—At the eighth and last Chamber Concert, the Chickering Saloon was completely filled and packed with listeners. The opening piece was MOZART's Quintet, No. 2, in C, a lovely model of the kind, which suffered nothing in the presentation. Mr. ARTHURSON again sang the air of MARCELLO with purity and warmth of style. GOUNOD's "Meditation" on the first Prelude of BACH, with violin obligato, quartet accompaniment, and Mr. PERKINS at the piano, was beautifully played, and interested as much as ever, although the modern sentimental melody reminded one of some of the modern accretions to old Gothic architecture. SCHUBERT's Andante and Variations, from the posthumous Quartet in D minor, were truly Schubert-like, solemn, sad and simple in the theme, with an original, mysterious sort of harmony, and a rare poetic invention in the variations. It made a very interesting feature of the evening.

The second part, which we regretted not to hear, consisted of a Sonata for piano and violin, by the romantic Danish composer, GADE, played by Messrs. PERKINS and FRIES; the tenor Romanza from *L'Elisir d'Amor*, sung by Mr. Arthurson; a repetition of the great Quartet by CHERUBINI, which it was an especial privation not to hear.

This season of the Quintette Club has been eminently successful. Both in the quality of the selections and in the excellence of the performance, it has surpassed all previous seasons; and we doubt not there was very general disappointment at the non-announcement of the supplementary series that had been suggested. We still trust they will see their interest in giving us a few more concerts.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.**—On Wednesday afternoon the great features were the first two movements of the "Pastoral Symphony" (why not the whole?) and the third movement (March, chorale of Thanksgiving, &c.) from SPOHR's Symphony: "The Consecration of Tones." Both were finely played. So too was Rossini's warmly colored overture to *Semiramide*, the horn passages in which were "beautiful exceedingly."

The announcement that this would be the last but one of the afternoon concerts had the effect to draw out a much larger audience, which will doubtless be still larger next time. We think the assurance of a chance to hear the entire *Pastorale* would do much towards filling the hall; and we cannot yet cease to hope that Mr. ZERRAHN and his associates, whose orchestral performances have never been surpassed among us, will still feel encouraged to keep on. The Opera is over, with many other distractions, and the public love of music is pretty certain to return to its full consciousness and its right mind.

A letter from our correspondent about Opera matters in New York has to lie over till next week.

"P" is in type, but must lie over.

Mr C. H. CLARKE, the indefatigable and successful teacher in the Warren Street Chapel, gives his annual Children's Concert in the Music Hall, next Thursday evening. The "Flower Queen," by G. F. ROOT, a really charming little fairy Cantata for young voices, will be performed for the first time in Boston.

### Advertisements.

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The first five numbers of this promising (and thus far performing) paper are now out. We look for its weekly issue with high and never disappointed expectation. Its leaders are *tailed* in a double sense—weighty with thought as well as with typographical distinctness. They carry metal. We are much impressed with the seriousness and instructive aim of the editorial columns. Manifestly it is not to tickle the ear or please the fancy, but to enlighten the mind and improve the taste, that the leading article always aims. The writer has a real, well-considered, distinct and decisive thought to convey to his readers' minds, and he goes about it patiently, unambitiously, and earnestly, and succeeds not in winning our admiration—a poor victory—but in leaving us wiser than he found us.

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